



"TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."—LAST WORDS OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLASS.

VOL. I.

URBANA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1862.

NO. 7.

Party for the Hour.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and
flame,
Blazoned in song and blundered in story,
Wave of us all who inhabit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
Liberty and Union! One Evermore!

Light of our transient, guide of our Nation,
Pride of our children and honored after,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!
Up with our banner bright, &c.

Empire unscathed! what foe shall assail thee,
Beating the standard of Liberty's van!
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fall thee,
Striving with man for the birthright of man!
Up with our banner bright, &c.

Yet if by madness and treachery blighted,
Down the dark hour when the sword thus must
draw,
Then, with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!
Up with our banner bright, &c.

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us!
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun,
Thou hast united us: who shall divide us!
Keep us, O, keep us, the Many in One!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
Liberty and Union! One Evermore!

Our Story-Teller.

THE DRUMMER-BOY OF MARLBHEAD.

BY ANNIE SAWYER DOWES.

The whole city was wild with triumph at the victories of Fort Donelson and Raoback. Cheer after cheer went up from the Exchange, and people were almost momentarily jostling each other in the thronged streets, and instead of begging parades, would burst into a shout for the old flag. Woman that I am, I hurried home in the twilight of that glorious day I had to hold my muff close to my mouth to prevent my voice from swelling the great thanksgiving. Turning the corner of my own street, I was astonished to see that my parlor was brilliantly lighted, and through the thin curtains I likewise saw figures moving rapidly. I ran up the steps, and soon discovered the reason, for as I opened the door, all my own children and several of my neighbors' rushed with a great sweep into the hall, and for a moment I was nearly stunned with their cheers for the fort, the soldiers, the stars and stripes, etc. At last at the valley for the gunboats, they stopped from sheer exhaustion, and I asked very meekly, "What in the world are you down in the parlors for?"

"Well, mother," gasped Will, "we wanted to play we were gunboats, and the nursery wasn't big enough. See me now; I am going to run up within four hundred yards of the fort," and with a yell like a wild Indian he brandished a cane and made a charge at a bookcase, coming within one inch of smashing my Dante and Beatrice.

I winced, but did not scold them, only entered them into the less crowded dining room, where we played gunboats and cheered until their father coming home to tea, rather shocked us by saying gravely that he thought he should have to send us to the watch-house. Many incidents of the battle he told the eager children as we took our tea, and just before their bedtime, as they stood around him for the customary story, he told them the one I shall try to tell you:

"You all know," said their father, "how last April the Massachusetts troops were attacked and murdered in the streets of Baltimore, and how the whole heart of New England thrilled to avenge their death. There was a young boy of Marlhead, only fifteen years old, Albert Manser by name, who came from school on that day wild with indignation, and told his mother that he was going to war; he couldn't stay at home. 'Why, Albert,' laughed his happy mother, they won't have you; you are too little my boy. 'I can drum, can't I mother? I guess those old rebels will run when they hear me play the Star-Spangled Banner,' and out he went, and his mother heard him playing the smart old tune as he marched down the street at the head of a tattered-demonstration set of tin cans, by him his regiment. He had a gift for drumming, and thinking of his words, that mother's heart stood still with fear. He was her only child, her handsome boy; how could she let him go? But she soothed herself for even thinking of it. Of course his father would keep him at home. At dinner time Albert attacked his father on the subject, but his father peremptorily answered 'no,' and told him there must be no more talk on the matter. Usually his father's decision settled things, but this time Albert argued manfully. He could do just as good service as anybody; he ought to go; he must go. But Mr. Manser was firm, and he had to yield, although the struggle was so severe that he grew pale and thin. At last, to divert his attention, they sent him to his grandfather's in Augusta and fervently hoped he would forget his fancy. But when he arrived there, he found a regiment all ready to go into camp a short way from the city. He accompanied them as drummer. His father and mother, as the weeks went by, became impatient, and at last went for him. As they rode through the street, almost the first per-

son they saw was Albert, marching in a fine new uniform, with this same company, who were on their way to the station. He had kept his promise to them, that is, he had not enlisted, but they felt from that day that they must let him go. He went home with them, and after a few weeks they gave him up, and he enlisted in the Massachusetts 23d, Col. Kurtz, as drummer for one of the companies, being the youngest in the regiment. Dear little ones I can never tell you how his mother felt, how his father in his bitter grief prayed, how many hot tears stained the few articles he could carry, and then almost sorrowfully as to his burial, they went to see him start. That day the poor parents talked long together, then the father went out, and while he was gone the pale mother knelt with her face hidden, asking for strength and patience. When he came in Albert knew that he should not go alone; his father had enlisted as a private in the same company, so as to take care of that idealized boy. They sailed in the Burnside expedition, and on all that long, dreary passage, Albert was the light and joy of his regiment, and indeed of all the regiments on the vessel. So full of hope and enthusiasm was he, that his father wrote his mother, 'All the petting he got did not seem to hurt him a bit.' Officers and men delighted to do him favors, and his prompt, saucy drumming won praise from the gallant commander himself.

"When the hazardous work of landing began, Albert managed to be in one of the first boats, and was consequently among the first to stand on the enemy's island of Raoback—their's then, our's now, thanks be to God. In that march through slime and water, he did his part well, not allowing his father to touch his cherished drum for an instant. At last they came in sight of the enemy's battery.

"Who will go and take it?" asked the General commanding. "The Massachusetts 23d," was the quick reply. "Forward, then, double quick!" and in the teeth of that galling fire they rushed to their death as it had been their bridal. Albert slung his drum over his shoulder, and seizing a rifle from a wounded man near, dealt true shots for his country. His father fell wounded by his side, but he heeded him not, his whole soul had lost itself in the work before him. "Look at that child!" said one officer to another; "no wonder we conquer when the boys fight so." At last the position was ours; the rebel gunboats turned and fled, and for an instant the roar of the battle ceased. So intent was Albert that he never stopped, and was loading again, when the Colonel touched his shoulder. "Wait, rest a minute, my young hero—don't you see they are running?" "O, glory hallelujah!" sang out the excited boy; "didn't I say they should run to the old times?" and seizing a disabled revolver for a drum-stick, he struck up in a wondrously defiant way, our impudent old strain of Yankee Doodle. It was a strange sound as it rang out over that field of death, and faint and weary as our brave fellows were, they gave it a rousing welcome. A flying rebel heard it, and looking back, took sure aim at Albert. A man near the boy saw him, and tried to pull Albert down, but he stood his ground, and the ball did not fail to do its deadly work.

"O, father!" burst from the tearful children; "not killed was he?" "They thought him only stunned at first and bore him out of the crowd; they bathed his brow; and you will love his knightly Colonel none the less when I tell you that his strong arm held the dying boy. His pale lips moved at last, and they bent eagerly to hear his words. Some inquiry for his missing father, some last precious words for his lonely mother! No; only this, boy-like, "Which best, quick, tell me?" Tears ran like rain down the blackened faces, and one in a voice husky with sob said, "We, Albert, the field is ours." The ears death had already deafened caught no sound, and his slight hand fluttered impatiently as again he gasped, "What, tell quick?" "We beat 'em entirely, my boy," said a big Irish sergeant, who was crying like a baby. He heard then, and his voice was as strong and bright as ever as he answered, "Why don't you go after them? Don't mind me, I'll catch up—I'm a little cold, but running will warm me." He never spoke again, the coldness of death stiffened his limbs, and so he passed from the victory. They laid him down tenderly, with his head resting on a smooth green sod, and as his wounded father crawled up to see him they feared a wild scene of lamentation, but he only said, "He would rather die than have us beaten." He was urged to go home with Albert to his mother, but he would not, only saying to their solicitations, "Albert would be ashamed if I did, and I will fight for him as long as the war lasts."

"The children did not play gunboat any more, but went quietly up to bed, and when Nellie said her prayers, she added, in simple, childish words, a hope that God would make Albert's mother willing he should be dead, and that God would tell her how Nellie loved her; and here the tender little heart broke down—but Will said, 'God knew just as well as if she said it all,' and I think he did."

All Sorts of Good Reading.

The Confederacy Reconstructed.

From the letter of our unexpressed correspondent, it will be seen that the Orange County Howitzers, attached to the Mackerel Brigade, have reduced the Rebel and "reconstructed" him. The battle was conducted on strictly Constitutional principles, and is said to have given great satisfaction to the Democratic party.—*See SENATOR MANSER.*

EMERSON T. T.—The stirring times are come again, the maddest of the year; and I am be-

ginning to believe, my boy, that what is to be will be as what has been. Though without my goshawk Pegasus, that symmetrical racer having been borrowed for a writing-desk by a Secretary of the Profridior, I am enabled to keep up communications with the Mackerel corps down the river, and ten thousand Star-Spangled Banners flash through my veins as I relate the recent great artillery expedition of the Orange County Howitzers.

It seems, my boy, that an intellectual member of the Mackerel Brigade got tired of investing Yorktown, and wandered away in pursuit of adventure. As he peregrinated in the neighborhood of a Rebel domicile, he beheld what he took for the bird of our country stalking out of the barnyard, and was taking measure to confiscate it, when the proprietor made his appearance, and says he: "Hessian, spare that goose."

The Mackerel chap gave a tragic start, and says he: "The eagle I would rescue, Horatio; the bird celebrated by my brother, the Congressman, in all his speeches."

"Well," says the fowl traitor, "it is undoubtedly what the Congressman takes for an Eagle, as I am aware that Congressmen generally treat the American Eagle as if it were a goose; but as that gander happens to be long to one of the very First Families of Virginia, and cost me four shillings, it becomes my painful duty to resist your habeas corpus act." And with that, he drove the beautiful bird into the barnyard, and locked the gate.

Fired to fury by this insult from one of those whom our army had come to protect, the Mackerel chap went immediately back to quarters, and appealed to his comrades for vengeance.

That gifted officer, Samyule Sa-mith, heard his burning words, and says he: "The cannon of the Union shall speak in this matter. Let the Orange County Howitzers get ready for action, and I will lead them against the Philistine."

Instantly arose the notes of dreadful preparation, the guns were mobilized, six English gentlemen in the hoarse-business were invited to view the coming battle, and as the moon rose above the trees, the artillery started for the Rebel stronghold.

Arriving before the offending house, the Howitzers were placed in line, and all got ready for the bombardment. It was just possible, my boy, that two men might have marched into that house and captured the misguided Confederacy without slaughter. You may be unable to see what use there was in bringing artillery and forming in line of battle, but you are very ignorant, my boy; you know nothing about strategy and war.

"Soldiers," says Samyule, "remember that the eyes of the whole world are upon you at this moment, endeavor to hit the house as often as possible. We will fire one round without ball." Says Samyule, "to see if the powder is first-class."

Now it chanced that while the leading up was going on, the gallant Lieutenant Lemons got his legs wonderfully entangled in the tangle of his place, and kept turning the howitzer around in a manner strongly expressive of nervous agitation. Suddenly he stepped across to where Samyule was standing, and whispered in his ear:

"O, I see," says Samyule, kindly, "you were educated at West Point, and want to know which end of the cannon ought to be pointed at the enemy. Well," says Samyule, instructively, "you'd better point the end with a hole in it."

Everything being in readiness, my boy, the combined battery launched its thunders on the air, creating a great sensation in the neighboring heronrocks, thus causing a large rooster to fall from a branch in the midst of his refreshing slumbers.

"Now that powder has sustained its reputation," says Samyule, impressively, "let the two-inch balls be hurled at the enemy's works."

As the house was full ten yards off, this second discharge failed to hit; but it brought the Southern Confederacy to the window in his night-cap, and says he:

"There's no use of my trying to sleep if you chaps keep making such a noise down there."

"Unhappy man!" says Samyule, solemnly, "we come here to reduce you, and will listen to nothing but an unconditional surrender."

The Confederacy gasped, and says he: "I'm very sleepy, and can't talk to you now; and I'll call over in the morning." And he shut the window and went back to bed. A frown was observed to steal over the face of Samyule. He has a peculiar countenance, my boy, and a frown affects it strangely. Take his mouth and mustaches together, and they remind you of a mouse snuffing himself on the edge of his hole; and when the frown comes on, the mouse acts as though he had a stomach-ache.

"Comrades," says Samyule, "the enemy requires another round, and we must do it to the square. Fire!"

Like four-and-twenty thunder-storms the Howitzers roared together, and had not the Orange County veterans forgotten to put in any balls, there is reason to believe that some windows would have been broken. Another discharge, however, was more successful, as it knocked the top off the chimney.

The Confederacy appeared at the window again, and says he: "If you fellows don't quit that racket down there, you'll irritate me pretty soon."

This significant remark caused a sudden cessation of the bombardment, and Samyule hastily called a council of war.

"Gentlemen," says Samyule, "a new issue has arisen. If we irritate Southern Confederacy, all hopes of a future Union and reconstruction may be destroyed."

A chap who was a democrat, suddenly flamed up at this, and says he: "The abolitionists caused this terrible war, and it is our business, as no-party men, to finish it Constitutionally. If we irritate this man, no power on earth will ever make him submit to reconstruction. Ask him."

Here the democratic chap took a large taste of tobacco, and sighed for his country.

"Mr. Davis," says Samyule to the Confederacy at the window, "if we do not irritate you, will you consent to be reconstructed?"

"Reconstructed!" says the Confederacy, thoughtfully; "reconstructed! Ah!" says he, "you mean, Will I consent to be borne again?"

"Yes," says Samyule, metaphysically, "will you consent to be born again, as we have borne with you heretofore?"

The Confederacy thought a while, and then says he: "Consider me reconstructed."

As that was all the Constitution asked of course there was no more to be done, and the Orange County Howitzers returned to their original position in the mire, the Englishmen remarking the appearance and discipline of our troops were satisfactorily to Albion.

Fighting according to the Constitution, my boy, is such an admirable way of preventing carnage, that some doctor ought to take out a patent for it as a cheap medicine.

Yours to come, and

ORPHICUS C. KERR.

The Negro at Home—What one Who Saw for Himself says.

COR. GIBSON, of the Forty-ninth Ohio, says the Zanesville Press, recently wrote a letter from Tennessee, which is attracting some notice. Col. Gibson will be recollected as the Republican successor to Breckin as State Treasurer. He writes thus about the condition of the slaves, as observed by himself:

"In this region every one owns one or more slaves. Here as elsewhere, where I have been the slaves are well treated and well provided for. They appear happier and certainly live and dress better than the poor whites or the free negroes of Ohio or the North. They all supposed we were about to liberate them. This lie had been trumpeted in the South and hundreds of honest people, aside from slaves believed it. But the negro here instinctively dreads the North. They love the South and are devoted to their masters."

"I have witnessed some touching scenes between exiled masters, returned to their homes, and their faithful slaves. It is strange how few try to escape or run away. I doubt if twenty have come to the army with me. I have been connected since last September."

"About the farm-house and in the city the white children and black play together like brothers and sisters. It is my deliberate opinion that in their present state of ignorance, the slave rather fears than desires emancipation. They only regard their appetites and comforts. They are well housed, well dressed and well fed. They appear to want no more."

I mention these facts as tending to show that statements had better let the negro alone for the present, and address themselves to suppressing this great rebellion.

The President's late resolution and message, as to aiding emancipation, is regarded here as unworthy of his position. It contains propositions which are not only untenable, but weak in the extreme."

A MANKERLY YOUTH.—Last week the "Crabtown" Dances Society held their annual meeting, and on motion it was voted "That our Parson wait on Tony Jones, and see if nothing can be done to improve the manners of young Tony."

The next day the Parson called upon Tony, and informed him respecting the object of his visit, to which he replied—

"Parson, I'd let Tony go to meetin' every Sunday, if I only know'd y'ou'd goin' to preach. But, Parson, there ain't a boy in the village of Crabtown who's got more manners than my Tony, and I can convince you of that in just a minute. You see Tony out there skinnin' them niggers?"

The Parson nodded assent.

"Now, see, I'll call him." And raising his voice to the highest pitch, he shouted—

"To-o-o-o-o-y."

The response was quick and equally loud. "Sir?"

"Do you hear that, Parson?" said the man. "Don't ye call that manners?"

"That is all very well," replied the Parson, "so far as it goes."

"What do you mean by 'so far as it goes'?" That boy, sir, always speaks as respects to me, when I call him." Then raising his voice he again called—

"To-o-o-o-o-y!"

The boy dropped a half-dressed fish, and shaking his fist at his sire, yelled out—

(The Parson shook his head)

"Ye miserable, black, old, drunken snob, I'll come in there in just two minits, an' ma' ye like blazes!"

The Parson was astonished. The old man was disconcerted for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, he tapped the Parson on the shoulder, saying—

"You see, Parson, my boy has got grit as well as manners. This chap will make an ornament to your society some of 'em days."

The Parson shook his head and mumbled.

THE SHARP-SHOOTERS.—There are men among the Berdan sharp-shooters who pay men to stay at home and work their farms while they lie in the rifle pits before Yorktown, exposed to the vicissitudes of weather and war, waiting for a chance to pick off a rebel general. Such patriotism and zeal are worthy of the highest praise.

Effects of War in Missouri.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Times writes from south-west Missouri as follows under date of March 7th:

We passed a melancholy sight—a wagon filled with emigrants, and all their worldly goods. By the side trudged a little barefooted fellow, ragged and dirty. My companion said to him, "Well, my little man, where do you live?" He sadly answered, "We don't live nowhere only in a weight!" We met another party on horseback. One of them told us how his house had been attacked in the night by a gang of marauding secessionists, and how he had made one of them bite the dust, with a bullet, which, said he, "took him spate between the shoulders." Such things are common.

War has developed the wickedness of men, and fastened all their evil passions. Men swear and lie, and steal and kill, who were never guilty of such sets before. The Sabbath seems utterly disregarded. The churches and schools are closed, and the devil seems to reign supreme. A Christian man, who retains his religion, is worthy of all honor, or, rather, his thanks are to that Divine grace which could alone preserve him. We reached Springfield on Saturday. In some of the houses the windows are all broken, doors have been smashed and the floors and walls are covered with filth and grease. Many of the yards have been used for keeping horses, and the young fruit trees are completely killed. The grove has been cut down for firewood.

Halleck's Opinion of McClellan.

A CAMO correspondent says: In conversation with a gentleman from St. Louis last night, I learned some things that I must confess were new to me, and as I think the idea will be new to the public generally, and as in presenting it I shall not transgress the rules laid down for the government of the press, I will endeavor to let it to you. The gentleman I referred to I know to be a warm personal friend of Gen. Halleck, and shares much of that stirring officer's favor and confidence. Hence, a weight will be attached to whatever he says such as does not accrue to the sayings of ordinary men. The conversation turning upon the operations of the army here and elsewhere, I asked:

"What is Gen. Halleck's opinion of Gen. McClellan?"

"Sir," said my friend, "I have heard Gen. Halleck say, in substance, repeatedly, that he considered the military skill, science, and penetration of Gen. McClellan as second to that of no man living; that whatever had been done in the West and elsewhere was but the carrying out of McClellan's great plan of the war; that the general idea of each and every one of these movements was the fruit of his foresight and knowledge of war and its appliances; and that McClellan had rough-hewn the whole work, and only left the finishing touches to the department and division commanders."

A Bold Buckeye.

A MAN in Federal uniform rode into Fayetteville, Tenn., on Sunday last, conversed freely with the citizens, said he belonged to an Ohio regiment, allowed a citizen, who asked permission, to examine his gun, removing the cap before handing it to him, dined at a tavern with his gun on his lap at the table, had his horse fed and left. The citizens thought him one of Morgan's men, notwithstanding his representation. A short time after, however, they were undeceived. Coming four or five miles on the road to Huntsville, he overtook an old white man with four negroes and three wagons of bacon, he forced them to drive their wagons close together, put fodder under them, take out the mules and retire a few steps. Then, lighting a match, he set fire to the wagons, consuming them and their contents. Riding to a church, a few miles distant, where preaching was going on, he asked the minister if any soldiers were there, and saying a negative answer, he rode away, and crossed the road ten miles this side of Fayetteville, with two other Federals. That is the last we have heard of them. The owner of the bacon and wagons returned to Fayetteville with his negroes and mules, and reported his misfortune. Several men went in pursuit of the bold marauders, but failed to find them.—*Huntsville Democrat.*

GOOD SHOOTING.—The following dialogue on "Sharp shooting" is reported to have recently taken place between a rebel and a federal picket:

Federal—I say, can you fellows shoot?

Rebel—Wall, I reckon we can, son.

Rebel—Down in "Mississippi," we can knock a tumble-bee off a tumble blow at three hundred yards.

Federal—Oh, that ain't nothin' tew the way we shoot up in Vermont. I belonged to a military company there, with a hundred men in the company, and we went out for practice every week. The Cap'n draws us up in single file, and sets a cider barrel rolling down hill, and each takes his shot at the bung-hole as it turns up. It is afterwards examined, and if there is a shot that didn't go into the bung-hole, the member who missed it is expelled. I belonged to the company ten years, and there ain't been no body expelled yet.

GOOD FOR MULLIGAN.—Some of the rebels in Camp Douglas, Chicago, recently robbed a poor apple woman of several dollars' worth when Col. Mulligan affixed a placard with "thief" upon it to their backs, and sentenced them to labor for a contractor at camp, at the rate of seventy-five cents per day, the proceeds to be paid to the woman upon whom they had committed the theft, until the amount of her loss should be restored.

Incident of the War—Letter from a Disgraced Rebel.

The follow extracts from a letter found by the men of our flotilla on their late trip up the Rappahannock, are full of interest. The writer is Thomas B. Boone, of Tappahannock, a captain in the rebel army:

TAPPANNOCK, March 21, 1862.—Dear—I did not receive your letter of the 11th ult., until about the 28th, and then I was lying on a bed of sickness, at camp. Our company has for the last four or five months done the duty of three companies. We now have a line of vidette couriers from the lower end of Middlesex to Fredericksburg, a distance of one hundred miles; besides we have three posts at Urbana, and pickets twelve miles below—the place on earth. Ah me, we have seen the very devil since October.

I, through a mistake, directed your letter to Fredericksburg, and there it is—a real jab-buster.

Your infernal, cowardly army are continually "backing, backing, and backing down," until, by—, I believe you will not stop short of the territory line, and there, you will capitulate. I never know where to write to. I reckon Richmond is the safest place and surest direction for all letters now. When will your brigade reach Richmond? But in earnest, where does the army of Manasses expect to make a final stand? I firmly believe Virginia and Tennessee are to be given up without any effort of defense. Judge, I am disgusted with our nambypamby Government—sternly retreating and acting on the defensive, like one man holding up his arms, while another cowards him right and left.

Another Monster Cannon Cast.

On Saturday morning another fifteen inch Rodman gun was cast at the Fort Pitt Works. We have already given the details of casting these huge pieces of ordnance, and need not here repeat them. The rough casting in the pit weighs about 78,000 pounds, and nearly four tons of metal were melted for the purpose in three furnaces. The furnaces were fired about five o'clock, and at eight minutes past ten the first furnace was "tapped." A line of troughs, or "runners," had been laid from the furthest furnace, some eighty feet, the second furnace, about midway, joining in, and the two streams emptying with that from the first furnace, into a large caudron at the edge of the pit, from which two streams diverged and passing around the pit, emptied into the gun on opposite sides of the core barrel. The furnaces were tailed in succession, and nearly all the metal allowed to run out before the next in turn was opened. At twenty-four minutes past ten the mould was filled, in just sixteen minutes from the opening of the first furnace, showing that the metal must have poured into it at the rate of nearly two and a half tons per minute.

This is the third successful casting made of fifteen inch guns, and the work will soon be regarded as an every day performance, each successive casting having been made with less trouble than the preceding one. The gun will be finished with all possible expedition, and, like the other, sent to Washington for rechristening.—*Pittsburg Dispatch, 7th.*

HENRY WALKER—Captain Henry Walker, United States Navy, (not Walker, as the telegraph have it), who ran the gauntlet of rebel batteries at Island No. 10 with his gun-boat Carondelet, and who has distinguished himself to a higher degree, perhaps, than any other commander in the flotilla, is an Ohioan, the eldest son of Hon. Anthony Walker, of Ross County. He has served in the United States Navy some twenty-five years—a long time on the Mediterranean, on the coast of Africa, in the Gulf of Mexico and elsewhere. It will be remembered that Captain Walker, with the Carondelet alone, opened fire upon Fort Donelson before the other boats arrived, and was "going in" rapidly ere the other vessels got into line. He is an officer of large experience, tried courage, invincible spirit and sound judgment. Though a native-born son of Old Virginia, he looks upon the traitorous Virginia this day with the intensest loathing and disgust.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

HOME AGAIN! Our proud boat is plowing in the river, with Cincinnati in the distance. From the residences on either side there is a perfect tumult of canbics, hailing the wounded patriots as they pass. Look at them, and see the tears glisten in their eyes, as they acknowledge the grateful welcome. One fellow, whom we call "Uncle John," as stout as an oak, and who don't care for a bullet wound that runs from his side to his breast, as he wipes away a tear from his sun-browned cheeks, says:

"Dang it, boys, I can't help it. Who wouldn't fight for such people and such a country?" And an Irishman, who recovered from a wound received at Donelson just in time to get another at Shiloh, responds:

"An' sure ye are right. It's the dearest country in the world, an' has the dearest flag, sure."—*Cor. Cin. Times.*

GEORGE D. PRINCE, of the Louisville Journal, has received a threatening letter from some secessionist woman, who signs herself "Charlotte Corday," whereupon he remarks: "From the signature that our amiable correspondent uses, 'Charlotte Corday,' we judge that she means to do the stabbing part of the business herself. But we don't believe she can. Her nameless stabbed Marat in his bath, and to protect ourselves from the intrusion of just such characters as our Georgetown correspondent, we have long been in the habit, while taking our bath, of keeping the door locked. However, if she will convince us that she is pretty, we may be prevailed upon to give her a ticket of admission."

Major General Mitchell.

THE nomination of General Mitchell, who took Huntsville, Alabama, the other day by a brilliant military movement, as a Major General, gives great satisfaction to the whole country. Mitchell is not only a brave, but a sagacious and skillful officer. Thirty years ago, during the famous bank riots in Cincinnati, when the city government was at the mercy of the mob, he restored order in a few hours, by his personal daring and command of men. Celerity of movement was always one of his characteristics, and those who know him best, predict that before the war closes he will tower above all the other generals of the West. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton are said to be greatly delighted with his movements and are hopeful of his future.

Commodore Foote's Associates.

CAPT. CHARLES H. DAVIS, U. S. N., who has been assigned to the Mississippi flotilla as an assistant to Commodore Foote, was the fleet captain of the Dupont expedition and second in command. He is a native of Massachusetts, and entered the navy in 1823. In 1854 he was promoted to the rank of Commander, and the present war brought him to the higher rank of Captain. According to the naval register of 1860, he had eighteen years service at sea, and fifteen years on land; and was at that time (1860) superintendent of the Naval Academy. Capt. Davis is a son of about the same age as Flag-Officer Foote, having entered the navy only one year later than he.

WIT AND WAR.—An incident of an amusing character occurred at the battle of Fox Ridge, which is thus described by a correspondent. The writer says:—One of our boys in the heart of the fight was wounded in both feet by a cannon ball. Our forces having fallen back, his Irish wit was brought into play. Seeing a big Secesh coming by, he presented his musket, made the fellow surrender, shouldered him, and in this position he rode into our lines, where he delivered Mr. Butterant over as a prisoner.

MEANWHILE.—The Buffalo Commercial says one of our soldiers who is in the Pittsburg Landing battle happens to be inordinately fond of card-playing. During the fight he had three of his fingers shot off. Holding up his mangled member, he gazed at it with a look of ineffable sorrow, and exclaimed, as a big tear stole into the corner of his eye, "I shall never be able to hold a full hand again!" Poor fellow!

Major General Mitchell.

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